

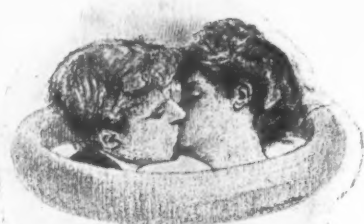


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NO ESCAPE.  
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Size, 13x15



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**"Ich Liebe Dich"**

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A Cozy Corner

"With Bread and Cheese and Kisses"

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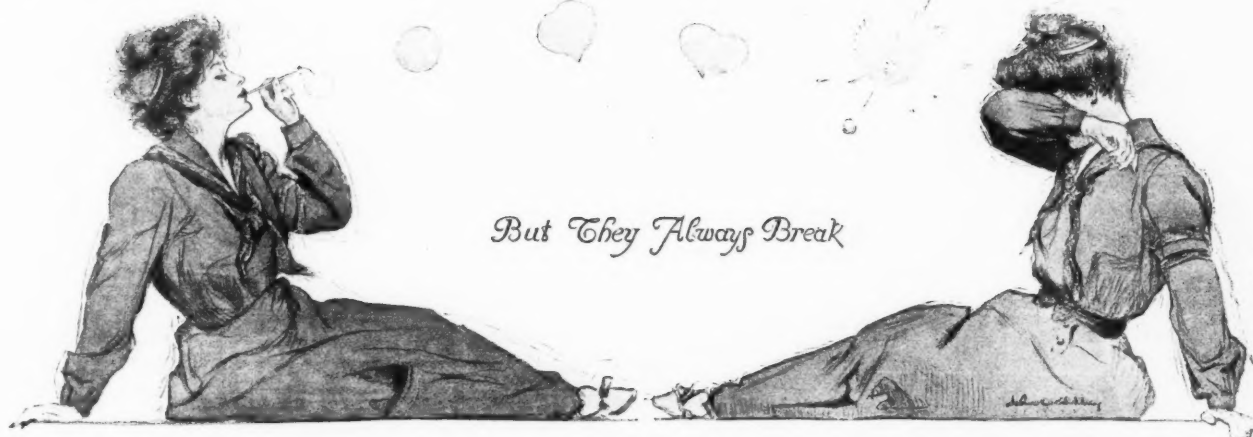
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# LIFE



## Mosquitoes.

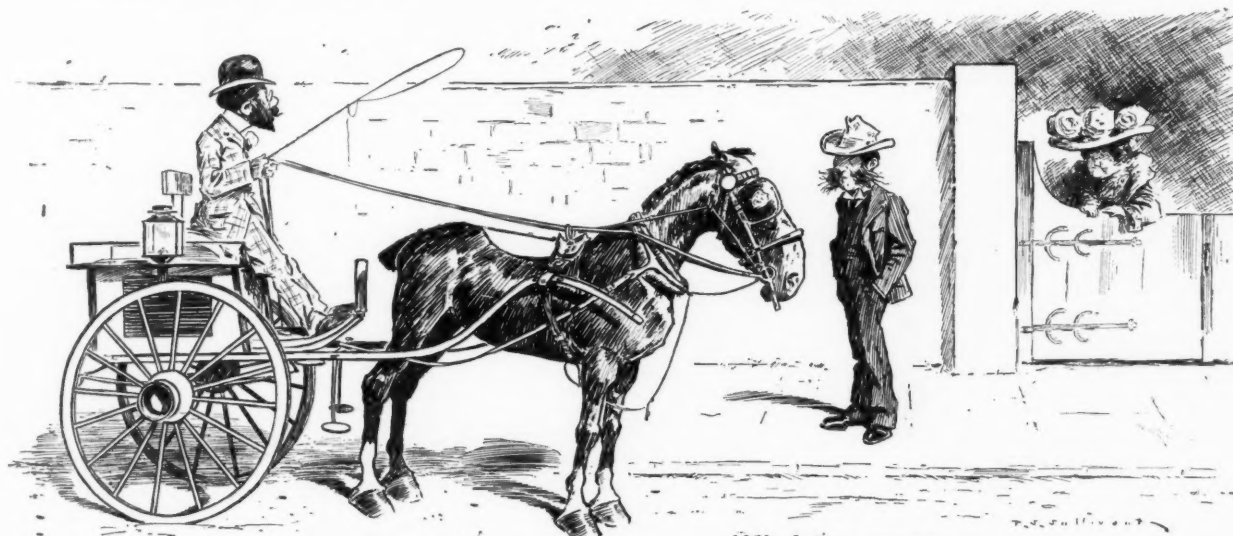
MOSQUITOES being at last exterminated, public joy was unbounded. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, when the people assembled in their churches, and two games of baseball were played.

But presently it began to be noticed that open-work waists were becoming more so. Further, when press and pulpit sounded the note of warning, it was to no avail.

Now the alarm spread to all classes.

"Morality will become obsolete," exclaimed the pessimists; the Society for the Suppression of Vice worked nights and Sundays, while nobody went to Coney Island warm days except police and clergymen in search of material for sermons.

In the distracted state of the common mind impious thoughts found expression. It was even hinted that the Lord, who had made mosquitoes, knew better than the sanitary experts who had put oil on all the frog ponds.



"OLD HAMMERSON SAYS THIS HORSE HE WANTS TO SELL ME IS SOUND, GENTLE AND KIND, AND WON'T KICK."

"I'D BE SUSPICIOUS OF HIM IF I WERE YOU, OLD MAN."

"WHY?"

"WELL, YOU KNOW I MARRIED HIS DAUGHTER."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLII. SEPT. 10, 1903. No. 1089.

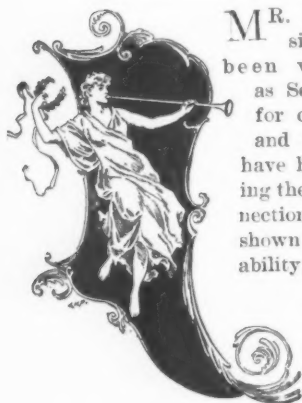
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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MR. ROOT has resigned. He has been working for us as Secretary of War for over four years, and we are sorry to have him leave. During the term of his connection with us he has shown diligence and ability, has got to his desk early and left it late, and has never asked for an increase of pay. To oblige us he stayed on after we lost our late foreman, and has worked harmoniously with his successor. We say frankly that he has been worth to us more than our circumstances have allowed us to pay him. Any one who gets him will get a good man, for he is a worker and very handy. In a dispute he sides heartily with his employer, except sometimes when the dispute is between his real employer and his immediate boss, when he is liable, out of mere loyalty, to stand in with his boss. Men under him who obey his orders will find him observant and appreciative, and a little blind on the off side when necessary.

Good-by, Elihu! We hate to part with you. We would feel worse about it than we do if your place in the Cabinet was to be filled by a less sound and substantial patriot than Judge Taft.



OF all the opponents of the renomination of President Roosevelt our neighbor, *The Sun*, is the liveliest and the most ingenious. Morning and evening, week-days and Sundays, it searches for joints in the strenuous one's armor, and jabs at them whether found or not. It brought to public notice the record of Bellairs, the friend of Wood, the President's Achates; it industriously wrought out the tale of Littauer and the glove contracts; it throws fits in large type because the *Sylph* navigates in and out of Oyster Bay; in long leaded editorials it imputes the slump in stocks to the President's maleficent interferences with prosperity. In other leaded editorials it makes other dark insinuations, and in generals and particulars it shows itself one of the most industrious papers published. It is all magnificent, but it is war. Who is *The Sun* nowadays? Who does it stand for? What are its politics, if any, and who is back of them? Mr. Laffan? Yes. But who else? Mr. Morgan? We think not. It does not seem likely that Mr. Morgan is in the newspaper business. Because he came some years ago to be a creditor, and later an owner of bonds, of the Harper Company, he is credited with being the controlling spirit in *Harper's Weekly*, just as he is credited with being the real owner of *The Sun*. Gammon! It is true, no doubt, that Mr. Morgan and other Wall Street leaders were sincerely scandalized by Mr. Roosevelt's interposition in the coal strike, and would prefer some man for President whom they considered "safer," but our notion is that Mr. Morgan minds his job much too closely to do editing, and that he neither owns stock in *The Sun*, nor concerns himself with *Harper's Weekly*.

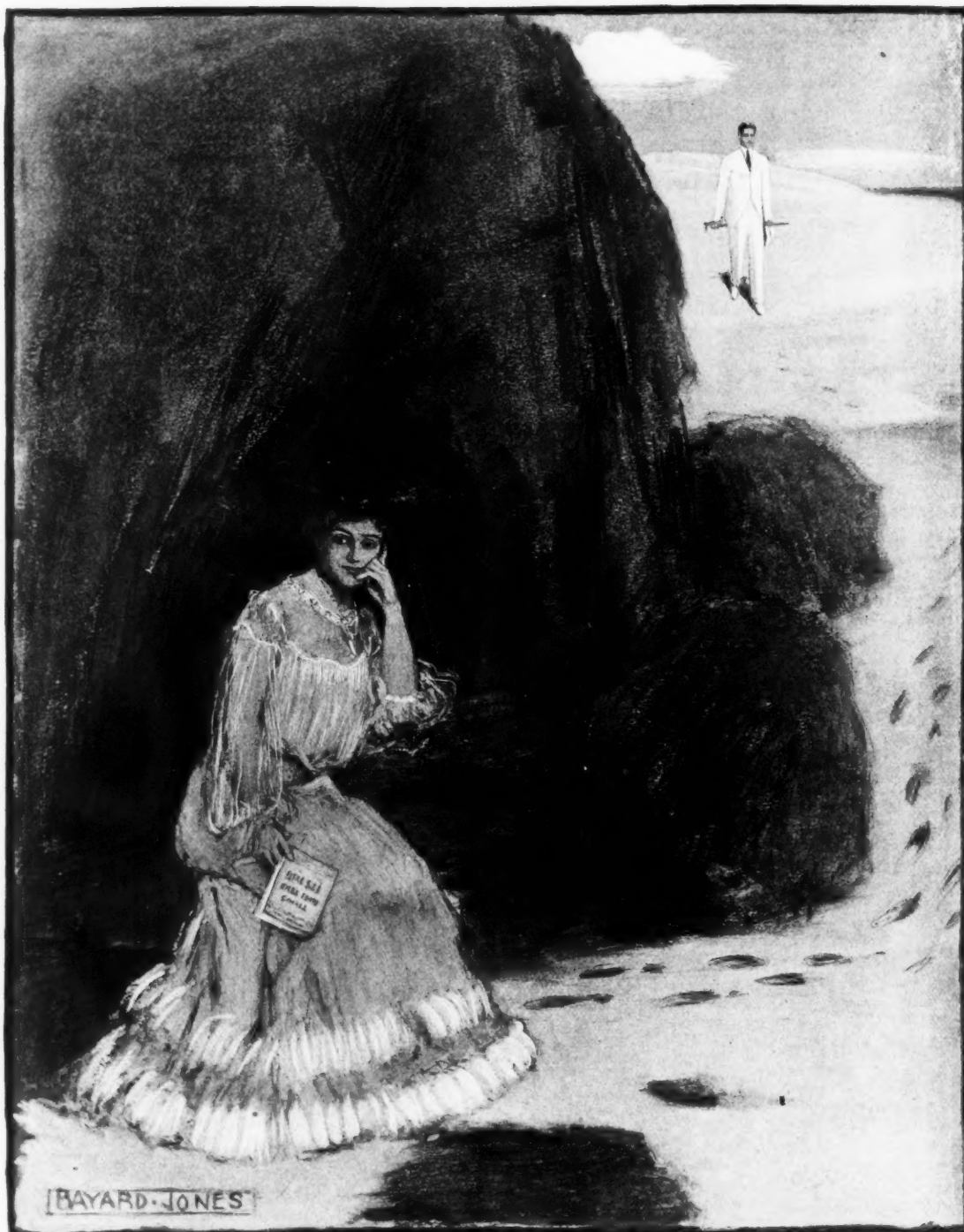


THE charges against Congressman Littauer, that, being a Congressman, he was unlawfully interested in Government glove contracts, have not

been cleared up yet, and it is not quite certain how he is coming out. If he has broken the law, the worst he is really guilty of seems to be carelessness. A Congressman who has incorporated his business may sell to the Government with impunity. Littauer's business was not incorporated, but apparently he complied with the law by selling his gloves, not to the Government, but to a contractor who sold them to the Government. But in one case there was a hitch. The contractor bid too low, asked a reduction in the price of the gloves, and, apparently, got a concession from the manufacturer, by the terms of which the manufacturer (Littauer) agreed to share profits with the contractor, if there were any. But the profits he agreed to share were the profits of his own sale to the contractor, and not those of the contractor's sale to the Government. So far as yet appears, he has not violated the statute. The motive of the exposure in which he figures is nothing else than political malice.



SO we keep the Cup! That at this writing is a foregone conclusion. It has been nobly battled for this time, and nobly defended. We offer our respectful compliments to the defenders. Their work has been magnificent; its outcome is glorious. As for Sir Thomas, we would offer him our sympathy if he seemed to need it. But he has had three good runs for his money, and there are many considerations which help to mitigate his disappointment. There was a man—it is an old and familiar story—who drove his hogs forty miles to find a better market, found the price had dropped and drove them home. He had not made money, he said, but he had had the company of the hogs. Sir Thomas has not lifted the Cup, but at least he has had the company of the Americans, and there is every sign that he has found it to his taste. They have certainly approved of him. A great many sound patriots have wanted to see him win at least one race, and if he had managed to attain the unattainable mug, we would have borne it cheerfully.



A CONTINUED STORY.

## Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,552.72
Proceeds of a circus gotten up at Clinton, Conn., by Mary Louise Wheeler, Anna Wheeler, Elizabeth Howe Bradford, Standish Bradford, Polly Bradford, Stanley Woodward, Hildegard Hulse Woodward and Shepard Wright	2.10
"A Friend".....	5.00
"K. G. D. J. and E.".....	15.00
"Punkin Husker".....	2.00
Third payment for the 1903 account of the Westchester Twelfth Annual Subscription to the Life Fresh-Air Fund.....	100.00
Proceeds of an entertainment given at Swampscott, Mass., by Janet, Mary and Katrina Van Sickle, Fannie Bond, Joan Cheesman and Reginald Windrum.....	6.00
In memory of "R. B. S.".....	3.00
"Interested".....	1.00
Mother Anne.....	5.00
"A. J. C.".....	5.00
"Medford".....	5.00

\$8,701.82



A PHILOSOPHICAL discussion concerning the nature and human value of love, carried on between a young scientist, who is very young and an uncompromising materialist, and a poet who is older but has kept his ideals, published anonymously under the title of *The Kempton-Wace Letters*, is a decidedly clever example of light metaphysics. It is rumored that, owing to the opinions expressed in this volume, the wife of one of the supposed authors is suing him for divorce. Should the decree be granted, "incompatible philosophy" is likely to prove fashionable. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*A Parish of Two* is a novel, also cast in the form of letters, this time supposed to be exchanged between a man about town and an invalid clergyman, and written in collaboration by "Percy Collins" and Henry Goelet McVickar. The clergyman's contributions are rather well done, but Mr. McVickar's imagination is too lurid for anything short of the *Police Gazette*. (The Lothrop Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

A handsome volume upon *Athletics and Outdoor Sports for Women*, edited by Lucille E. Hill and fully illustrated, contains some sixteen articles upon as many forms of sport, written by as many experts. The instructions, however, are so necessarily limited that the book can hardly do more than create a number of highly enthusiastic and charming duffers. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Justin Huntly McCarthy seems to have grown suddenly tired in the midst of his sea story called *Marjorie*. He begins the book, which is supposed to be the autobiography of one Raphael Crowninshield, with a vivid and pleasant history of his hero's youth, develops some rather crude adventures suggestive of Mayne Reid, and, apparently dissatisfied with the result, nips a half-grown romance with a few lines of hurried forecast. (R. H. Russell.)

Captain Hiram M. Chittenden of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, has just published a new edition of his volume upon *The Yellowstone National Park*, much enlarged and brought up to date. His history of the region is most interesting, and his data and descriptions are full and lucid. It is easily the best book we know of upon the Yellowstone region. (The Robert Clark Company, Cincinnati.)

The title of Gilbert H. Montague's essay, *The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company*, might possibly suggest to the public a somewhat sensational treatise upon the secret history of this pioneer among the trusts. In reality it is a concise and very sane analysis of the relations between the company and the railroads. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.)

Lilian Bell is by no means in her best vein in *The Interference of Patricia*. The story, however, which gives an unmistakably feminine version of a supposed deal in Denver trolley stocks, is really too imponderable to criticise. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.00.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



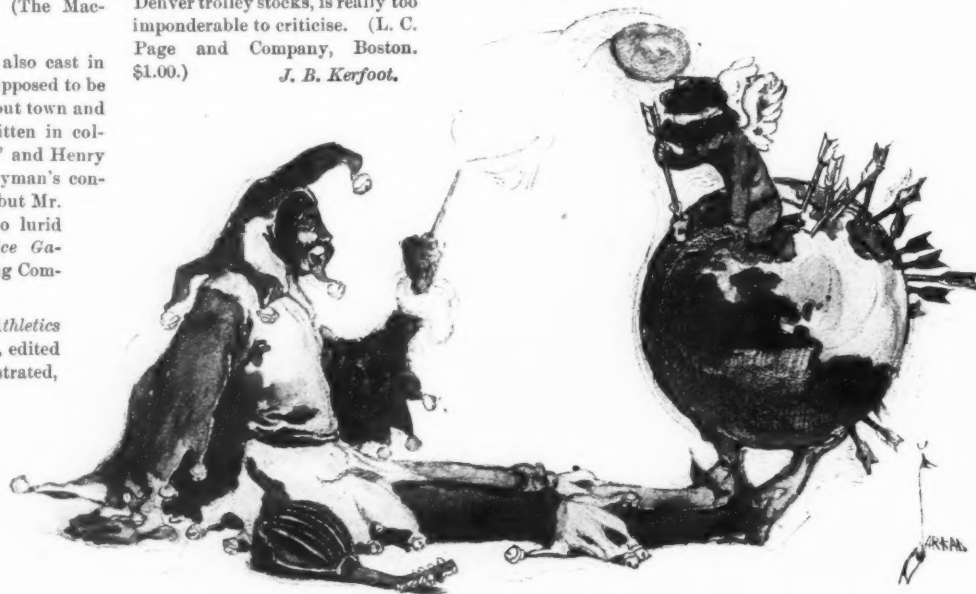
John: GREAT FIND, MARIA. 'TWILL BE SO COMFORTABLE WHEN YOU SET.

## OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

*English Poems from Chaucer to Kipling*. Edited by Thomas M. Parrott and Augustus W. Long. For use in secondary schools and smaller colleges. (Ginn and Company, Boston. \$1.00.)

*The Canterbury Pilgrims*. A comedy by Percy Mac Kaye. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

*Joliffe*. Incidents of peculiar beliefs in meridional France. By Maxwell Sommerville. (Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.)



"YOU MAY RUN THE EARTH, BUT I'LL RUN YOU," SAID THE FOOL.



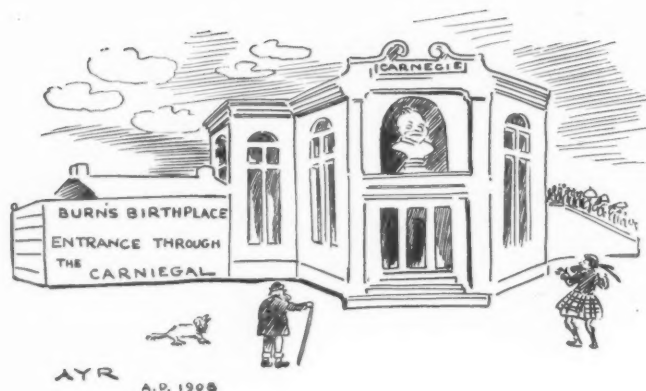
AT THE FROGVILLE MEETING-HOUSE.



## Real Artists.

UPON her pretty shoulders,  
After the season's fun,  
Miss Kitty views some fine tattoos  
By Openwork & Sun.

LEAVES FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK.



## The Ballade of the Walking Delegate.

OH, it was a walking delegate, a haughty man was he,  
And he was the business agent for a union, don't you see?  
He didn't do the toiling and the moiling in the sun,  
But 'tis he's the one who figured how the toiling should be done.  
There were certain men for this thing, there were certain men  
for that,

He'd a handy set of arbitrary rulings in his hat;  
And if one who handled lumber just as much as touched a  
brick,

There was likely to be trouble and 'twas likely to be quick!

For the haughty walking delegate was there to see that none  
Should do anything at all, but just as he would have it done.

Now the man who hired the workers, and the man who paid them  
too,

Didn't have a blessed thing with all his journeymen to do.

If he happened to espy one who on slouchy work was bent,

Oh, he didn't dare to fire him till he had the full consent

Of the natty business agent with his men for this and that,

And his handy set of arbitrary rulings in his hat;

For if he who paid the toilers of himself should make a kick,

There was likely to be trouble and 'twas likely to be quick!

For the haughty walking delegate was there to see that none

Interfered with him in showing how the work was to be done.

Now the man who paid the toilers, should he find the work was slow,

And he felt like telling some one he must hurry up or go;

If the job was hanging heavy, and the contract time was nigh,

Should he offer a suggestion as to how to make things fly—

Then the haughty business agent would be chillingly severe,

And would take the meek proposal with the very slightest sneer,

Until all upon the building, Hezekiah, Hans and Dick,

Felt that trouble was a-brewing, and 'twas likely to be quick!

For the haughty walking delegate was there to see that none

Interfered with him in showing how the work was to be done!

But one day the walking delegate got tumbled off his shelf,

For the man who paid the toilers told him he could chase himself.

He would run (he said) his business as he used to do of yore,

And he'd take no domineering (his expression) any more.

And the natty business agent with the rulings in his hat,

Why, the boss's proposition for a moment knocked him flat.

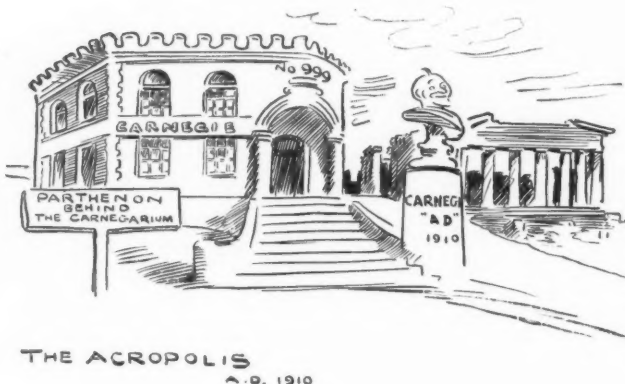
"Ho," says he, "me gay gazabo, there's a way to stop that trick,

For there's goin' to be trouble, an' it's goin' to be quick!"—

So the haughty walking delegate he called a strike, you bet,

And the boss is now a bankrupt, and the men are loafing yet!

D. A. McCarthy.







WEATHER PROGNOSTICATION FOR NOVEMBER, 1904.

FOR THE EASTERN STATES, LOWER TEMPERATURE AND WESTERLY GALES. PRECEDED BY HAZY CONDITIONS ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST.

### From Different Viewpoints.



"HONESTY," said the good man, "is the best policy."

"Beg pardon, my friend," put in the man of the world; "honesty is the short cut to poverty."

"One moment, gentlemen," said the maiden who had passed her thirtieth; "honesty is the headsman of courtship."

"I beg to differ," said the cynic. "In your case honesty would be the salvation of a possible suicide."

"Honesty," declared the politician, "is the sum total of nothing divided by two and split in the middle."

"I maintain," said the debutante, "that honesty is a bore and the antithesis of flattery."

"Honesty," said the grocer, "is too much sugar for the price of sand."

And then they agreed to compromise on the conclusion that:

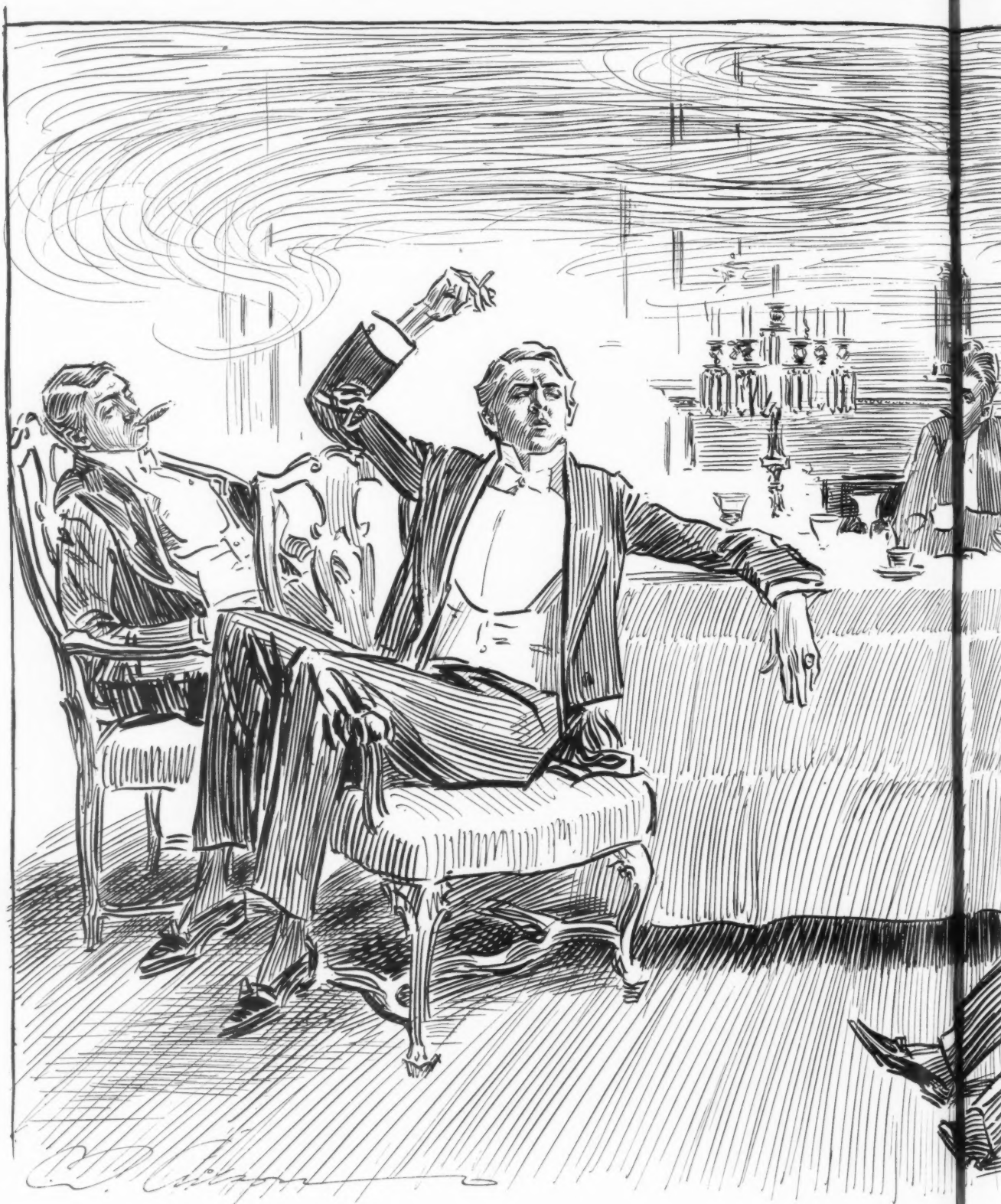
"Honesty is a relative term, much abused and damned by circumstances."

Henry Edward Warner.



Mother-in-Law: THE QUICKEST WAY TO HIS HEART, MY DEAR, IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH.

Young Wife: BUT HE HAS SEVEN!



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STUDIES IN DEPRESSION  
WHILE AN OLD GENTLEMAN LISTENS TO ONE OF



S IN EMISSION.  
LISTENS ONE OF HIS SON'S CLASSMATES.



## A Wish Expressed Dolmondeley.

THERE was a young lady named Cholmondeley,  
Whose face was so terribly holmondeley,  
That she said with a sigh  
And a tear in her eye:  
"Oh, meigh! How I'd love to be colmondeley!"



## On! Again to the Fray.



ONCE more the merry mummers!  
Likewise the Theatrical Syndicate—  
sing hey, the merry Syndicate. But  
we must not be unkind to the Syndicate.  
We must not shoot at it, for it is doing  
the best it knows how. If this benevolent  
association of Hebrew gentlemen,  
banded together for the philanthropic  
purpose of filling their pockets with the  
money of the public, is crassly ignorant  
of dramatic art, it is not so much their  
fault as our misfortune.

When it was called to the attention of  
the late Dean Richmond, president of  
the New York Central Railroad, that  
his modestly-paid conductors were  
driving fast horses and wearing  
large diamonds, and he was asked  
why he did not discharge them,  
he replied that that particular lot  
already had the horses and diamonds,  
and that if he put in new conductors they would  
have these luxuries to get, so he thought it was better for the  
road's finances to keep the old men. If the discriminating (?)  
and critical (?) American public could succeed in driving  
this Syndicate out of business by a persistent boycott of  
the inartistic shows which are the Syndicate's output, we  
might, if possible, be worse off than we are now. Its  
policy has been to choke, starve and freeze everything in  
the way of talent which would not become its abject  
slave. The result is that the twin arts of play-writing and  
play-acting are very nearly extinct in America. Bad as is  
this state of affairs, it is, perhaps, better to let the present  
set of vampires go on and gorge themselves to death rather  
than make way for a new lot educated in their school.  
When the public taste has been debauched to the point of  
vacuity, we can take a fresh start with Punch and Judy  
shows, marionettes and miracle plays as a beginning, and  
through a process of artistic evolution, unhampered by a  
Theatrical Syndicate, build up a new school of the drama,  
in which the brains of the scholar and artist shall take the  
place of the greed of the showman.

From the rich soil of decay springs the vigor of new

life, and it might be well for the future to let the  
present decay of the American stage become absolutely  
complete.

AN obliging press-agent informs LIFE that  
the old centre aisle in Wallack's—twice as  
wide as the average aisle—is a survival of  
the days of Lester Wallack. His theatre  
has always been patronized by the wealthier  
classes. Appreciating that the women  
would like an extra wide aisle in order to  
display their gowns as they swept to their seats, he had  
one especially constructed. The present management felt,  
however, that a lot of good sight-seeing space was sacrificed  
for this purpose, and so have had it removed.

The management of Wallack's has not been notoriously  
commercial, but this sacrifice of tradition and the comfort  
of the audience to possible income is a fair commentary on  
the difference between the spirit of the days of Lester  
Wallack and that of to-day.

DECADENT LONDON has just added a new  
slang word to the language, or, rather,  
given a new slang meaning to an old word.  
If a speech, story or affair is a little more  
than what the French call *risqué*, in London  
it is now called "blue." In that sense  
"blue" is the proper term to describe "Vivian's  
Papas," the first offering of the new season at the Garrick.  
This effect is heightened by unnecessary coarseness in some  
of the acting. This, of course, is not to be wondered at,  
when the whole tendency of our time is towards the substitution  
of buffoonery for fineness of execution. "Vivian's  
Papas" is more coarse than immoral, and it is not to be  
denied that it is at times very funny. It shows more  
originality than the French farces which have hitherto  
been offered at this time of year, and if one is content to  
lay aside one's squeamishness, it will amusingly dispose of  
a dull evening in the dull season.

MY WIFE'S HUSBANDS belongs in  
something the same family with "Vivian's  
Papas," although it is not at all  
"blue." A really agreeable feature is  
the excellent acting of Selena Fetter  
Royle as the heroine, who is beset by  
the complications due to her having three divorced husbands  
whom she is trying to keep from mixing up her  
plans to secure a fourth. The prospective victim is also  
well done by Milton Royle, and the laughter in which the  
piece abounds is helped along by a clever company, including  
such well-known actors as Ralph Delmore, Hugo Toland and Edward Abeles.

As a light entertainment, "My Wife's Husbands" is  
quite worth seeing.

THE new season is not opening up in a blaze of glory, and  
the near future holds no very alluring signs of  
promise. If the French proverb is true, the only thing left  
to us is to learn to know how to wait.

Metcalfe.



**Symbolism.**

THE two-hundred-dollar silver ink-well on the table is a work of art, symbolic of a reunited North and South.—*Description of the Vice-President's room in the Capitol.*

An ink-well costing two hundred dollars is fairly animate with the spirit which is gathering not only sections of nations, but nations with nations, into a brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of Mammon.

**The Order of Precedence.**

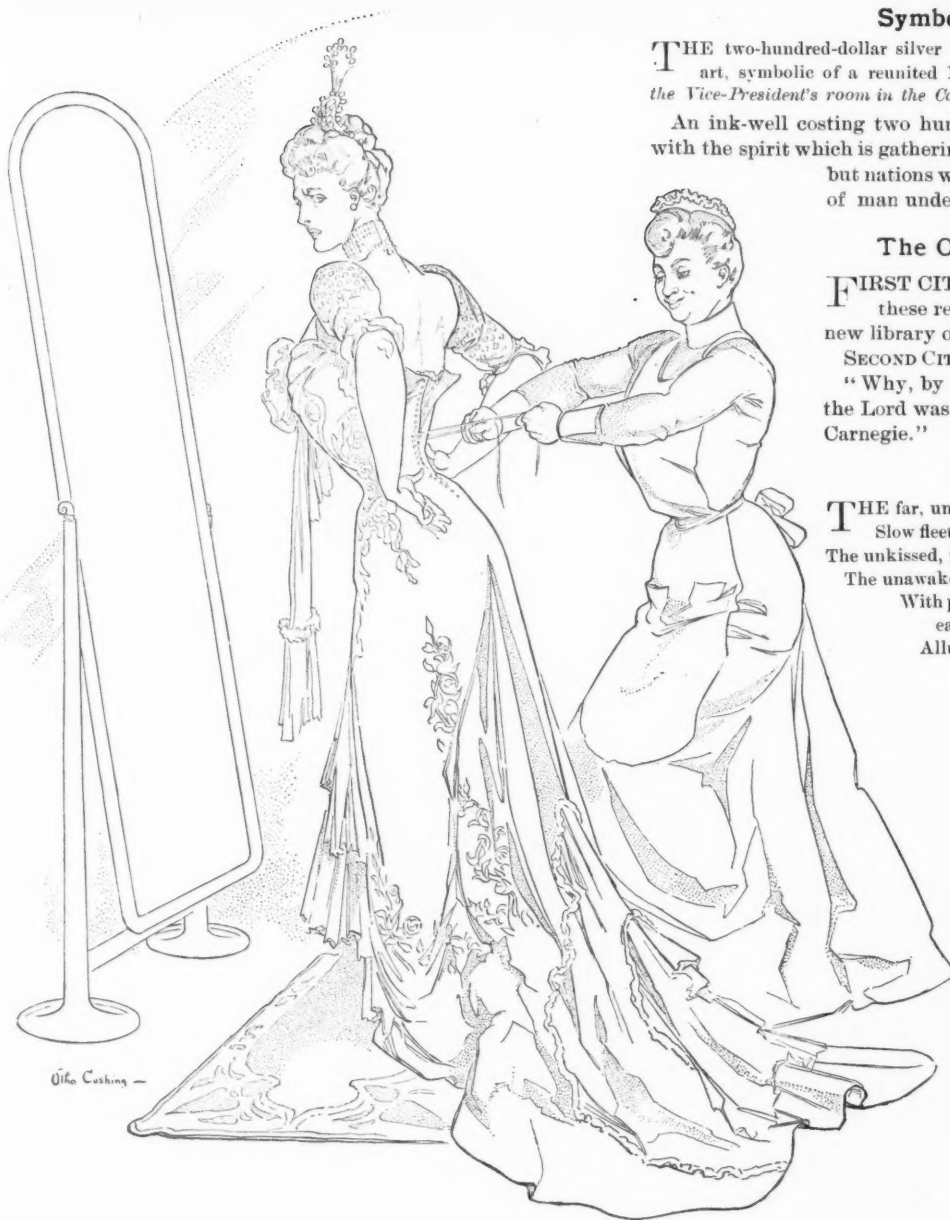
FIRST CITIZEN : We shall have to have these resolutions of thanks about the new library of ours done all over again.

SECOND CITIZEN : What's the matter?

"Why, by a clerical error, the name of the Lord was placed before that of Andrew Carnegie."

**The Beyond.**

THE far, untrodden hills ; the distant sail  
Slow fleeting on to vast and unknown seas ;  
The un-kissed, perfect lips beneath a veil ;  
The unawakened soul ; all mysteries  
With promise of the long-desired heart's-  
ease  
Allure us to pursue,—pursue and fail.



Utho Costing —

"THERESE, IF YOU PULL ME ANY TIGHTER, I SHALL HAVE A FIT."  
"Bien, MADAME ! IT IS FOR ZAT WHICH I AM TRYING."

**Milton Up to Date.**

**P**ROFESSOR : How far did Satan fall?  
BRIGHT SCHOLAR : From the top  
of an office building to the bottom  
of the subway.

**Rich Men's Sons.**

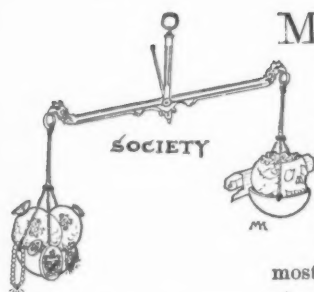
WILLIE : If you've saved up enough for  
an automobile, why don't you get it?  
BOBBIE : Not yet. I'm saving up enough  
to pay for the people I run over.



— E. POLAK —

**WALL PAPER.**

DESIGN SPECIALLY RECOM-  
MENDED FOR CHAMBERS IN  
PRIVATE HOUSES DEVOTED TO  
NERVOUS GUESTS WHOSE RE-  
TURN IS NOT DESIRED.

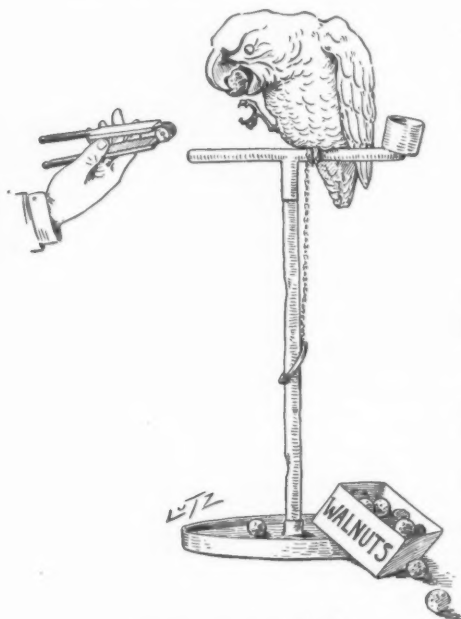


**M**R. AND MRS. DULLERN DETH are quite proud—and very naturally—of their son Livingston. He is not only stylish, but he almost took his degree at Harvard this year. He loves Newport.

Apropos of Livingston Deth, he is really very talented and a thorough sportsman. He loves nothing better than to drive his automobile, at full speed, through the crowded streets of a small town. Of course, some people object, don'tcherknow, to having their children and horses smashed up. But Livvy does enjoy it.

He is a handsome fellow, and as he will inherit about thirty millions he is quite a favorite in society. Mrs. Groundfloor Jones says: "If God in His mercy does not remove him and his automobile soon, the country people will."

Mrs. Groundfloor Jones, by the way, is dreadfully old-fashioned in some of her ideas. Just because she happens to know several people who have been



POLLY WANT A CRACKER?

killed or maimed by these machines, she thinks their speed ought to be restricted.

Mrs. Toppother Heep was seen in her new victoria yesterday. She had several clothes on and seemed to enjoy herself.

#### A Quartette.

**HE:** My dear Miss Smith,—or may I call you Kitty?

**Moon:** (This promises, I fear, to be quite tame.)

**She:** You oughtn't,—but you make it sound so pretty;—

**Cupid:** (They're starting in as usual. Same old game!)

**He:** The moonlight paints with gold your fairy tresses.

**Moon:** (Now wouldn't that just make you faint away!)

**She:** Only a poet thus his thought expresses!

**Cupid:** (What idiotic things some people say!)

**He:** Dear, if I loved you, would you care to know it?

**Moon:** (Now that, I must admit, is rather good.)

**She:** Oh, if I cared,—I'd be too shy to show it.

**Cupid:** (They're doing better than I thought they would!)

**He:** Ah,—if I dared—but you're so far above me,—

**Moon:** (Ahem! I think I'll hide behind this tree.)

**She:** Love levels all ranks,—

**He:** Do you, can you love me?

**Cupid:** (Well, now they have no further use for me!)

Carolyn Wells.

#### Graft.

**E**NGLAND paying out seven million dollars for a single ship of war is a spectacle which has its dark side, too. Such vast sums spent in world politics lead easily to the neglect of domestic graft.

Thus England has no river and harbor bill.

The wonder is that elections are ever carried in favor of civic righteousness and national honor in England. With a freer and more enlightened people, like us, it would be quite out of the question.



R. T. Westerman.

Papa Pumpkin: STOP! YOU CANTALOUPE!

#### Discouraging.

**YOUNG WORSHIPER OF MARS:** Well, I have received my appointment to West Point!

**FORMER SCHOOLMATE:** Indeed! I am sorry for you. Better give it up. You are making the mistake of your life!

"Why?"

"Because your time will be thrown away. Far better train yourself to be either a contract doctor or politician. You then might stand a chance of being Lieutenant-General of the United States Army before you're forty."

#### The Seven Ages of Hair.

**A**T first the baby's fuzzy crown, Protected by its cap of down.

And then the youngster's curly mop That's never known the barber's shop.

The schoolboy, next, his head must strip To have a summer "fighting-clip."

No shears the football age profane,— The half-back wears a shaggy mane.

The first white hairs evoke a sigh: The beau's convinced that he must dye.

Still vain, though older, he's appalled To note that he is nearly bald.

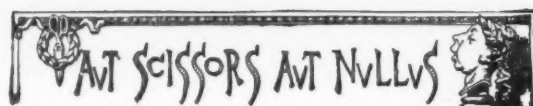
Senile, yet sprightly as a grig, He dons the undecapable wig.

Frank Roe Batchelder.



*She (reproachfully):* BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED YOU USED TO SAY YOU COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME.  
"A MAN NEVER KNOWS WHAT HE CAN DO TILL HE TRIES."

# · LIFE ·



## "IF IT'S GOOD, IT'S BAD."

Now comes the brainy scientist  
To win extreme renown.  
He adds unto our "mustn't" list  
And tears our pleasures down;  
Discovers that there lurks disease  
In all that makes us glad;  
Tells us: "Beware of what will please,  
For if it's good, it's bad."

He calls attention to the fact  
That iced tea will beset  
Our stomachs till they are compact  
And turned to leatherette;  
Advises of the dire result  
That holding hands has had;  
Makes this the slogan of his cult:  
"If it is good, it's bad."

He warns us of the soda fount  
Where toil the busy clerks,  
And each malicious germ he'll count  
And show just how it works;  
Ice cream and berries, water, too,  
Likewise the auto fad;  
Or anything we want to do—  
"If it is good, it's bad."

Oh, speed the day when you'll have placed  
All pleasures on the shelves!  
Then, scientists, do you make haste  
To warn against yourselves;  
For as it stands each pleasure palls  
And most of us get mad  
Because on each enjoyment falls  
Your "If it's good, it's bad."

—Chicago Tribune.

A DEVOTED father, after a day's absence, was met by his two little sons. "Have you been good boys?"

Silence.

"Have you been good boys?"

"No, papa, I called grandma a bad word," said five-year-old, turning scarlet.

"Is it possible? What did you call your grandma?"

"I called her a human being."

The father, with a mighty effort, maintained his

gravity, and closed the scene decorously. "I must forgive you for once; but remember, if you ever call your grandmother a human being again, I shall have to spank you!"—*Boston Budget*.

NOTWITHSTANDING his twenty-two years of service on the bench, Lord Justice Mathew still preserves that elasticity of spirit and love of a joke which has distinguished him all through his career. One of his remarks yesterday created great merriment in the Court of Appeal. A learned King's Counsel was arguing the question as to what is an "accident," and was putting instances of what he considered would properly come within that term, and what, on the other hand, would not. "Suppose," said he, "someone were to hit me in the eye and my eye became black in consequence; the fact of it becoming black could not be called an accident." "Perhaps not," said the Lord Justice, "but you would doubtless explain it on that ground."—*Westminster Gazette*.

## HIS IDEA OF PRAYER.

Harold, the five-year-old son of the Presbyterian minister of Dayton, Ky., was being prepared for bed. He had spent a very active day at coasting, and was weary and very sleepy.

"Now, Harold, kneel down by mamma and say your little prayer."

"But, mamma"—half asleep, with his head on her shoulder.

"Be mamma's good boy, now," coaxingly. "Thank God for all His goodness to you."

But Harold was asleep.

His mamma gently aroused him. "Harold, don't be naughty. Be a good boy, now, and thank Jesus for the nice home you have, the warm clothing and fire to keep you warm, and a mamma and papa to love you. Think of the poor little boys who are hungry and cold to-night, no mamma to love them, no warm bed to go to, and—"

"But, mamma," interrupted the sleepy boy, roused to a protest, "I think them's th' fellers that ort to do the prayin'!"—*Lippincott's*.

The following important business notice recently appeared in the *Seldon* (Kan.) *Independent*: "Our postmaster has about cleaned out his old stock of mail, preparatory to putting in a new one."—*Springfield Republican*.

## FURTHER FROM LIPTON.

"If Shamrock III. don't lift the cup," Says Lipton, "I will try some more. With Shamrock V. I'll pick it up, Unless I take it off beIV.

"However, if to lose again, And then to lose, should be my fate; If VI. and VII. fail, why, then, You'll find that I know how to wVIII.

"I'll come again, with face beIX, But don't go too much on my looks, For if by then the Cup's not mine, It will have me on Xterhooks."

—Chicago Tribune.

A STORY is told of an attempt made by a Swedish missionary to obtain a foothold in Abyssinia. No sooner had he begun to preach than he was brought before King Menelek, who asked him why he had left his home in Scandinavia in order to come to Abyssinia. The missionary promptly replied that he had come to convert the Abyssinian Jews, who are regarded as fair game for the outside propagandist. "Are there no Jews in your country?" asked Menelek. The missionary admitted that there were a few. "And in all the countries that you have passed through did you find no Jews or heathen?" the king continued. Jews and heathen, the missionary admitted, were plentiful. "Then," said Menelek, "carry this man beyond the frontier, and let him not return until he has converted all the Jews and heathen which lie between his country and mine."—*Argonaut*.

"TO RUN a newspaper," says an Oklahoma editor, "all a fellow has to do is to be able to write poems, discuss the tariff and money question, umpire a baseball game, report a wedding, saw wood, describe a fire so that the readers will shed their wraps, make a dollar do the work of ten, shine at a dance, measure calico, abuse the liquor habit, test whisky, subscribe to charity, go without meals, attack free silver, defend bimetalism, sneer at snobbery, wear diamonds, invent advertisements, overlook scandal, appraise babies, delight pumpkin raisers, minister to the afflicted, heal the disgruntled, fight to a finish, set type, mould opinions, sweep the office, speak at prayer meetings, stand in with everybody and everything."—*Exchange*.

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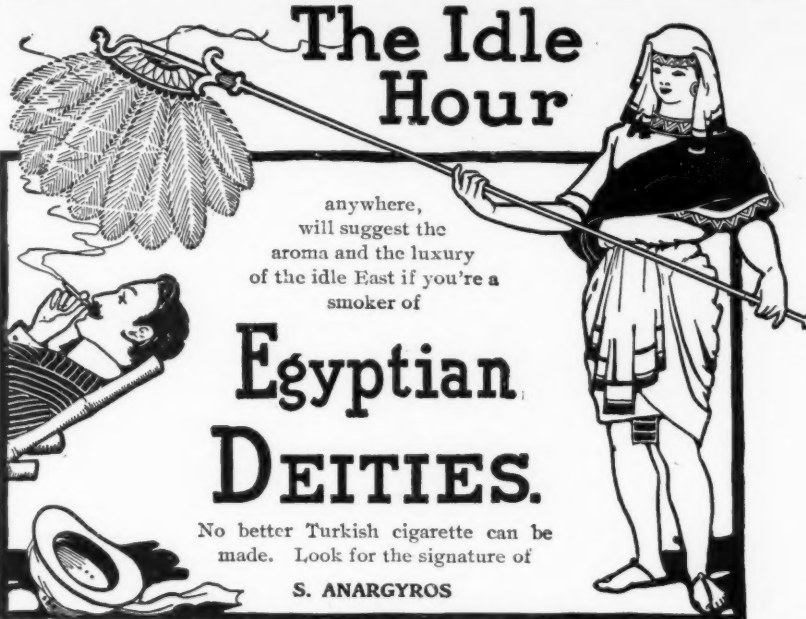
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of the idle East if you're a  
smoker of

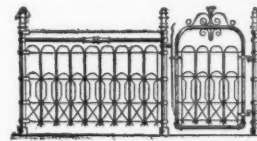
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These models conform to the modes of dress that will be brought from Paris this Fall.

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Ethel Barrymore writes: "The 'Nonpareil' Velvet is indeed soft and silky. The gown I have just had made of it is charming for evening wear. I am very glad to endorse it."  
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"Go to my father," was all that she said, And she knew, that I knew, that her father was dead.

And she knew, that I knew, the gay life he had led, And she knew, that I knew, what she meant when she said:—

"Go to my father."

—Four-Track News.

EDGEWOOD INN, Greenwich, Conn. The most popular summer resort hotel on the Sound shore for critical New York people. Now open.

TOMMY TUCKER had been hurt while performing the act he called flipping a freight train. "Will he get well, doctor?" distractedly asked Mrs. Tucker. "Is he out of danger?"

"He will get well, madam," replied the surgeon, "but I can't say he is out of danger. He will probably do the same thing again the first chance he has."—Chicago Tribune.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

MR. POTTS (to his wife): My dear, the air is chilly. *Fermez la fenetre.*

THE VISITOR (*sotto voce*): Why do you ask your wife in French to shut the window?

MR. POTTS (*ditto*): Because you are here. If I asked her in English, she wouldn't do it, as she won't take instructions from me before visitors. But if I say it in French, she gets up and does it at once, so as to let you see that she understands the language.—Pick-Me-Up.

THAT lost appetite easily restored by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Take none but the genuine. At grocers and druggists.

"You look pretty busy this morning, Jud," ventured the angular woman with the pail of huckleberries.

"Yeas, sistah," replied the Kentuckian with the gun. "I've jes' sohtah finished up the Wheatfield boys, an' now I'm goin' aftah the Birdlys."

"Well, when you get through will you come in an' have a bite?"

"No; then I got to go to church."—Chicago Daily News.

BUY it, for it is a wine of exquisite bouquet—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It is far superior to any other.

TOWNE: He's very wealthy.

MRS. TOWNE: Yes, and very stingy and economical.

"You don't know that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes."

"Certainly not; I'm judging him by his wife's clothes."—Philadelphia Press.

HAVE you arranged for your vacation yet? If not, consider the educational advantages of a trip to Yellowstone Park—one of the natural wonders of the world. A never-to-be-forgotten experience awaits the interested tourist.

THE Princes in the Tower were trying to fathom their uncle's motive. "But why do you suppose he wants to murder us?" asked Edward. "I don't know," returned his brother, "unless somebody has been trying to tell him some of the bright things we get off."—Harper's Bazar.

THE VISITOR: Why are you here, my misguided friend?

THE PRISONER: I'm the victim of the unlucky number thirteen.

"Indeed; how's that?"

"Twelve jurors and one judge."—Sporting Times.

Schlitz



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### Notes of New Authors.

Being extracts from the *Stygian Dark* (Jim Charon, editor and stroke oar), sent to LIFE by an unpatented and cribbable system of waveless ethergraph; not responsible for grammar.

JOHN MILTON, one of our oldest inhabitants, who has hitherto boasted a good reputation in the community, has took to writing poetry. John has a syndicate position writing "Poems You Should Get Next To." He has just did a humorous skit entitled "Il penseroso," and will try another when he gets over it. John has his glasses made at Cuttem & Cheatem's, No. 7 Eternity Lane, N. W.

Edgar Allen Poe, who has recently been turning out ornithological notes on Ravens and Other Animals for Buncombe's Weekly, is the winner of five quarts of brimstone and some choice wing tips, offered by the Graball Syndicate for short stories. He calls it "An Ascent on a Hailstone." The hailstone in his story is as large as a egg.

Tommy Hood, one of the younger set, has writ a poem called "Breeches of Size." It tells the sad tale of a fellow on Earth named Bul Devery or Deviltry, who got too large for his; and the moral is: "When swelling, have your clothes made in proportion." Tom would have the poem published, but he doesn't dast.

Charlie Dickens has returned from a Curiosity Shopping tour on the other side of Hades. While away he wrote a song called: "Bleak House I Love You." He has also written an ode to Queen Elizabeth's coiffure, entitled "All of Her Twist." Charlie has did some better things, really, and he ought to go away back in the pantry and congratulate hisself on his narrow escape.

Chawles Reade, a English fellow who came here to investigate methods in Stygian prisons, escaped last night and was last seen sitting on top of the Upper Crater Iceberg writing a hot story entitled "White Lies, or How the Hall Girl Held Her Job." He will be allowed his liberty until the story is cooked done.

The Advance press man for Alfred Austin, poet lariat to the Kingdom of Great Britain, has sent ahead a lot of samples, with the announcement that Austin himself will be among us soon. The committee on admissions has examined the manuscript. People who desire to join the lynching party please register beforehand, to avoid disorder.

Bill Cullen Bryant, No. 27 Hominy Lane, East Ditch, sends to this week's *Stygian Dark* a copy of his new poem, "Lines to a Water Fowl." The idea of fishing for water fowl with a line is foolish, Bill. Lines to a fish, Bill; shotguns to a water fowl; you to the woods!

Bob Browning has sent us "One Word More," in trochaic verse. Having sore throat and bronchial hesitation, we have used the troches; but haven't been able to speak one word more.

O Lord, Byron! Why did you send us that Spenserian bunch from Childe Harold beginning: "To mingle with the universe and feel what I can ne'er express—?" Why don't you send it by freight? (Apologies to Joe Miller's Joke Book.)

Henry Edward Warner.

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